

Owned by Mister Trask

By JJ Argus



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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

It's hard being an intelligent blonde.

I really don't want to complain, don't want to sound like one of those egotistical girls who bitches and whines about all the attention she gets and puts on a 'poor me' attitude. I'm aware of the many advantages of being beautiful. Sometimes I even take advantage of them.

When I walk into a busy big box store, for example, it usually doesn't take long to get help. If I have to lift or carry something, or my car breaks down, some man will usually offer to help. I have no trouble getting dates, even dates with money, who will actually pay for everything.

Of course, they're often the wrong kind of dates, the kind which thinks they're God's gift to women. Ordinary guys are less likely to approach me for a date because they think I'm out of their league, or that I must already have a boyfriend, probably a rich one with a Porsche.

Being tall makes that even worse. There are two pretty universal issues about which guys will be self-conscious, and they both involve size.

I've come to accept that I'm beautiful with a kind of a mental shrug. It's not something I can deny. I have eyes, and God knows people have been telling me I'm beautiful since I was a kid. And like I said, I appreciate the advantages. But there are disadvantages, as well.

High school was a nightmare, let me tell you. Between all the girls who acted like bitches because of my looks (which made me act like a bitch in return) and all the guys eager to get into my pants hardly a day went by without some kind of difficult social situation.

I know it's not always easy asking a girl out, but you know what, it's not always easy being the one asked out either. Some guys, you feel really bad about turning down, because they turn all red, and kind of stammer and slink away and you know you've really screwed their day. Other guys, the arrogant ones, get really pissy and snotty about it.

I've never turned down a guy who just accepted it with good grace. If that ever happens I might instantly change my mind and ask him out!

Life would have been easier if I was a bimbo, took the high school quarterback as my boyfriend, and joined the cheerleading squad (yes, I was invited). But I'm not the jock type, and while I like to keep in shape I'm definitely not the 'rah rah' cheerleader type.

I like chess. Yes, that's right; chess. I even tried to join the chess club in high school. I quit pretty soon after, though. Every guy (and the chess club is almost all guys) wanted to play with me. Every time I walked into the room every guy would be staring at me, undressing me with their eyes, and trying to get to know me better so they could ask me out. And these were pretty nerdy guys, too!

Not that I hate nerds or anything. I get along with them better than I do with jocks, to be honest. But if you asked my preference in men it would be some guy with a strong, athletic body, and a really sharp, intelligent, penetrating mind. The jocks had the first, but not the second. The chess club had the second, but not the first.

And I just wanted to play chess!

Same goes for video games. I played video games once, and I made the mistake of showing up for a real life meeting at a restaurant. It was like, all the guys were starving dogs, and I was a big, meaty bone. Ugh.

That's the difference between nerds and jocks. The jocks think they're God's gift to women and can be arrogant about it. The nerds know they're definitely not God's gift to woman and know hot women aren't interested in them. So when they find one who actually shares their interest in chess or video games they suddenly think they've found the one hot chick who will sleep with them.

And honestly, I just wanted to play the damn game.

I actually seriously considered pretending I was gay, just to get everyone to lay off, but that would have kind of meant I'd have to cut my long hair, which I didn't want to do, and then I'd probably get hit on by lesbians, which I definitely didn't want!

So what did I want? I wanted to write a book. I wanted to write a science fiction book. There's almost never any sex in science fiction books, you know. After high school I went to work as a receptionist in a law firm. Let me tell you, what they say about lawyers – absolutely true.

It was at the law firm that I met the third kind of guy, the predatory type. The jocks swaggered and wanted to hook up. The nerds shrank from approaching me while staring with wide eyes (and filthy minds). The predatory guys were like sharks – or weasels. They'd lie, they'd flatter, they'd approach me like I was something they were hunting, and set traps to catch me.

Not that they wanted me. They wanted to fuck my body, that was all. There's a big difference between someone who wants you and someone who just wants to fuck your body. They didn't care who or what I was. It was just the body that attracted them.

And I'm talking about guys in their thirties and forties! And it didn't seem to make any difference to them I was only eighteen. In fact, I think they figured that gave them an edge because I'd be more naïve about their little games.

Trust me, I'm not naïve. I saw through them easily enough. It was still uncomfortable having to find excuses for why I wouldn't go to lunch or accept some extra paying job to look after their kids, or run other errands for them.

And I had to kind of move quick a few times to slide away from hands which tried to slide across my butt, or guys kind of pressing into me from behind. It was almost worse than high school! Mind you, the worse was some lesbian woman who another girl warned me liked to 'hunt hets'. She liked to seduce heterosexual girls and be their first lesbian experience.

I applied for other work, and did get a part-time job working in a mail room in tool supply company. That was cool, since there was just me and one guy – Jimmy – and he had a girlfriend, but it was part-time, so didn't pay enough to survive on. I took it because it had the potential to be full-time in a few months.

Anyway, we had a client at the law firm, Jenson and Hewitt, named Mrs. Trask. She was a nice lady of maybe sixty or so. One day she was waiting in the lobby to see one of the senior partners, and we got to talking in between lawyers wandering out to ask me stuff they didn't need to ask me, and smile a lot.

I think I rolled my eyes after one visit and she chuckled. “You certainly get a lot of attention out here, dear.”

I shrugged helplessly. “It's no big deal,” I said.

“You do have lovely hair,” she said.

“Thanks,” I replied.

I knew I had lovely hair. I'd been tempted (a little) to dye it something other than blonde, but I refuse to put chemicals on my head for the rest of my life. Besides, I like the feel of it against my face and neck, and don't want it to get all harsh and rough because of chemicals.

And I admit that I like looking good. I like being blonde and beautiful. I mean, I freely acknowledge that aside from my taste in clothing and hairstyles it's genetics, not ability, but I wouldn't be human if I didn't want to look nice.

So I won't dye my hair and I won't dress down either. I wear clothes that look good on me and make me look good to others. I have a certain style, and I'm not going to change it to try and avoid male attention.

“The strange thing about men when it comes to girls like you, dear, is they all want to own you, but at the same time, most of them would do anything you wanted. So who owns whom?”

“I don't think I want to own any of these guys,” I said, “or be owned by them.”

“A woman is only owned as much as she lets herself be owned,” she replied, looking at me with sharp, intelligent eyes. “Now that we no longer need men to support us we can pick and choose. And as long as we can pick and choose they're the ones who have to dance and beg, not us.”

I giggled at the thought.

“I don't think I want men twice my age dancing for my attention,” I said.

“No, I'm not surprised. Although, take it from a woman who married a man fifteen years older than me. There's a lot to be said for older men, like more maturity and more money.”

“I don't need money,” I said.

“Of course you do, my dear. In our society, money is freedom. Money lets us sit and watch the waves wash ashore, or enjoy a nice visit to Europe while those

without money have to put up with unpleasant workplaces and unpleasant people.”

“Oh, I wouldn't say it's unpleasant here,” I said.

I wouldn't say it out loud, at least, not to anyone here.

“Not as pleasant as laying on a beach in Rio, though.”

“Well, I'll give you that.”

“Ah, Melody, I was wondering if you could do some photocopying for me.”

I looked up to see Phil Jennings standing there, beaming down at me. His eyes kind of twitched as he looked determinedly into my eyes, and I knew the instant I wasn't looking back those eyes would be dropping down to my chest.

“Sure, Mister Jennings,” I said.

“These need to be stapled in sequence,” he said, leaning forward and going into great detail about how the pages needed to be organized, like I couldn't tell that by the page numbers. He was holding the papers low on the desk on his side get me to lean over, and I knew from past experience not to do that.

It's not like I was wearing anything low cut, believe me. I was dressed in a proper, businesslike blouse. But while I'm not ginormous on top I'm not small, either, and gravity tends to have its way with my boobs when I bent over. That pulls down on any blouse I'm wearing, and makes the neck, however proper it might otherwise be, pull forward.

And of course, he was standing up there, leaning over, in just the right position to stare down my top. You think I'm being paranoid? Believe me, this is the kind of stuff I get from these guys! They all think they're being really clever and subtle, but after a few times even an 'innocent young girl' like me can figure it out.

It's not like the guys at high school never thought of! Or junior high, for that matter.

So I refused to take the bait. I looked at the papers, but stayed seated upright,

and eventually he gave up and went away.

“I would have thought he could have just printed up multiple copies of the document the same way he printed those,” Mrs. Trask said.

“You'd think so, wouldn't you,” I replied in a soft voice.

“Money means not having to put up with a putz like that,” she said, glowering down the hall. “Would you like me to bring this to the attention of Mister Starling?”

“Oh, God no!” I exclaimed. “Please don't!”

“You'd think men that age would learn to not act like hormonal teenagers,” she said.

“I haven't noticed a lot of difference in how men act, old or young,” I said.

“It can be subtle,” she said with a smile. “So what do you plan on doing with so much life ahead of you, Melody, if not marrying a rich man?”

“I want to be a writer,” I said. “I just need to find the time to do it, and the place. My place is downtown, has lots of traffic, and two roommates.”

“Money buys such things,” she said with a smile.

I shrugged helplessly.

Mr. Starling's secretary called, then, saying he was ready for her, and I escorted her up the hall, and that was that. Or so I thought.

It was about a month later when I got a phone call, at work, and it was Mrs. Trask. She didn't want to talk to Starling, though, but to me!

“Melody, my dear,” she said by way of introduction. “It's Emily Trask. Do you remember me, by chance?”

“Of course, Mrs. Trask,” I said.

“I was thinking of you recently,” she said. “I'm going on a round the world cruise, you see. And my condo will be vacant for about five months. The

insurance company really doesn't like it when you're away for that long, and they charge a huge increase to cover everything.”

“Okay,” I said, having no idea where this conversation was going.

“Have you ever considered house sitting?”

“House sitting?”

“Yes. My condo is on the shore, in La Jolla, on the third floor of a very nice building, and it will be empty. We might be able to do each other a favor. You can stay there free and clear and see if you can write your book. And in return, I don't have to pay increased insurance premiums.

“That's... really generous of you, Mrs. Trask!” I exclaimed, startled by the offer.

“Not really. It costs me nothing, and actually saves me money. I spoke to Roger Starling and he says you're a very intelligent and responsible young lady. And a writer sounds like the sort of person who would make a perfect house minder.”

I didn't know what to say! My original thought was to thank her and say no, but then the thought of having a quiet place to write – rent free – was really attractive! I could do a lot of writing in five months!

*

Mrs. Trask's condo didn't seem very impressive from the street. It was just a brown stone building, about four stories high, running along the road. I had to take the bus to a nearby shopping mall and then walk for about fifteen minutes to get there, and it didn't seem that fancy on first sight.

The lobby, on the other hand, was awfully nice. It was very much like the law office, in fact, very old school, with dark wood-grain panels and old-fashioned sconces on the wall for light. The very large man at the door wore a suit. It wasn't one of those funny doorman suits, but simply a black suit with a brass name tag.

He took my name and had me sign in, then sent me up to the third floor in an elevator which had a nice leather bench for seating. Why did an elevator need a bench in a four story building? Beats me. Old people, maybe.

The hallway was dark-ish. It was the most dimly lit public hallway I'd ever seen. The carpet was a greenish blue thing with oval patterns, and the hall was lit by pebbled glass wall sconces next to the wide doors. A discrete brass plaque on the door gave its number, and I stopped at Three Oh Four and used the door knocker.

Mrs. Trask opened the door almost immediately.

“Hello, Melody,” she said with a pleased smile. “I'm so happy you decided to agree.”

“Well, I agreed to come and see you,” I said, slightly reprovng.

She waved her hand as if that wasn't an issue at all.

“Once you see the place you won't want to ever leave,” she said. “Or rather, once you see the view.”

It was a narrow apartment, but quite long, and she led me straight into 'the great room' which had a huge wall of glass looking out on the ocean, then slid the door aside to take me out onto the balcony.

She was right. One look and I was hooked.

The balcony was about fifteen feet wide by ten feet. And it was entirely private in that rather than projecting out from the side of the outside wall, as you usually see, it was set back from it. In other words, there was a wall on either side, the wall to the kitchen on the right, and the wall to another room I hadn't yet seen (the music room it turned out) on the left.

In a way, that limited your view. But I'd also say it focused it. Unless you went forward and leaned out over the railing you could only look straight ahead, and down, at the waves washing ashore. The coastline here can be rough in places, but while there were lots of rocky outcroppings directly below and to the right for the waves to bubble noisily over, there was a large beach just to the left, a largely empty beach.

The condo stood on a low rise, and so from the third floor you still heard everything, while being high enough to look down at the tops of the palm trees right next to the beach. It was absolutely gorgeous!

There were two sofas, or I guess outdoor sofas on the balcony facing each other across a low table, with a couple of padded benches set against the railing. The handrail itself was made of the same dark wood as the floor of the balcony, and then with slim horizontal bars of some unobtrusive metal below that.

A large potted plant sat against the rail on one side, and a number of other hanging plants hung overhead, with long, leafy tendrils spilling over the sides. Then there was the hot tub. It looked like it was built into the deck. The sides were about waist high, but it was clearly deeper than that.

“Wow,” I said.

“Yes, no architect has ever been able to design anything that matches nature's beauty,” she replied. “They do try, however. Let me show you the rest of the house.”

The kitchen was ginormous! The cherry-wood – and I knew it was real wood, not press-board – cupboards were topped by granite counters. There were two ovens set against one wall, and another under the stove on the far wall. The island in the center of the room was as wide and long as a double bed!

The ceiling was replete with pot lights, though there were a couple of stylish lamps hanging low over either end of the island. The floor was highly polished wood in several shades. I was betting the kitchen alone cost more than most people's houses.

The 'great room', of course, had a wall of glass, as I've said, and a big fireplace at one end. It gave onto the music room, which was centered around a polished black grand piano. That was opposite a bathroom with more long granite counters, a huge walk-in shower and an even larger whirlpool tub.

Then we got to the bedrooms. The master bedroom was in the corner, and had amazing views of both the ocean waves washing ashore, and down the length of the beach. It had a huge canopy bed with heavy red curtains clasped to the corner posts and very heavy, very dark, very old looking furniture which would probably outlive not only Mrs. Trask, but me, as well.

“I thought you could sleep here, my dear,” she said, showing me the next bedroom.

This room also had a canopy bed, but more modern, with square posts and without the canopy. It had a wall of glass looking out at the ocean, like the other rooms, and more modern furniture than in the master bedroom. It, too, was heavy, and had the same dark, polished wood theme.

“Wow!” I said, shaking my head.

It was so different from my own small bedroom! Not only was it twice the size, maybe three times the size, but the tray style ceiling was ten feet above, with pot lights along the walls. It was smart, clean, modern and rich looking!

“Mrs. Trask, I think you're trying to seduce me, aren't you,” I said.

“I'm no Anne Bankroft,” she said with a smile, clearly getting the reference. “And I leave that to men. Perhaps, in fact, as in that movie, my son might wind up seducing you instead.”

“Your son?” I asked.

“He lives in Los Angeles, but he has business interests in San Diego which brings him to town about once a month, for no more than a day or so.”

She led me down the hall to a third bedroom, this one distinctly masculine. Unlike the other rooms, where the floor was of polished wood, this one was carpeted in a deep, soft gray. The bed was low and very wide, kind of Nordic looking, and integrated into a long low dresser which ran along the wall. The frame and cabinet were black, with light gray highlights.

“He usually drops by for dinner, but I believe it's more of an obligation than any need of sustenance. He tends to always be moving, always on the go, as it were. I expect he'll either stay at a hotel or just sleep – briefly – and then be gone.

She smiled at noting the hesitation on my face. “Don't worry, dear, he's not a personable fellow. He tends to ignore everyone who isn't involved in a business deal. It's quite possible he won't even talk to you at all beyond a polite hello if you happen to be around when he passes between the front door and the bedroom.”

“I don't know,” I said, biting my lower lip. “This is a gorgeous place, but... it's going to be hard getting to work. It's not like you have a lot of buses around

here.”

She smiled and led me back to the kitchen, then slipped some keys off a hook and handed them to me.

“This,” she said, is to the apartment, and these are to the BMW downstairs in the garage.”

I stared at her.

“It's only a car, dear. I presume you won't be driving it to drag strips or on a cross country tour?”

“Uh,, no ma'am but...”

“Then putting a few extra miles on it is of little concern to me. Try not to put any dents in the door.”

“Of course!”

A BMW? Shit! I was astonished! And sold. Or seduced, if you prefer. I moved in a week later as she was leaving. She introduced me to the man downstairs, and gave me a list of numbers to call if anything went wrong with the appliances or air conditioning or plumbing or whatever, and then she was gone and I was alone in this fabulous condo!

I marveled over it at first, but it's amazing how quickly you become used to stuff. Although getting used to that fabulous view was going to take considerably longer.

I set my laptop up on the table on the balcony, where the cool ocean breeze would wash over me, and all the sounds of the surf and beach would fill the air. And it influenced my writing, of course. I started writing a story set on a watery world where people lived on huge floating towns and road tame sharks like they were horses.

It was so attractive a view, and such a great apartment, and I was making such great progress in writing, that I decided to quit my job. What the hell, I didn't like it anyway, and how often do you get a chance to live and write in a place like that rent free?

I had no bills to pay, other than buying food, and I made enough from my part-time job in the mail room to do that. As for what happened in five months. Well, I've never had troubles getting jobs. At least, not when the interviewer is male.

Of course, only going to work two days a week kind of puts you into a certain lazy kind of mood when it comes to dressing. After all, if you don't have to go out, why dress up? Besides, there was the hot tub right there, with a convenient shelf I could put my laptop on!

Yes, I could actually type my story while in the hot tub! Granted, it wasn't exactly ergonomic, and I didn't do it much, but I told myself it was helpful for my story, that it would put me in the right mood.

There was a roof overhead, so you were in shade in the morning, but in the afternoon the sun would stream in from the west and fill the balcony with sunlight. I usually just relaxed, then, and sipped coffee, and maybe even went downstairs to take a dip in the ocean.

I got used to my routine, and was 'immersed' in my writing. But even if I was paying attention I wouldn't have heard Evan Trask's approach. I was to come to understand that he moved very silently and very swiftly wherever he went. And in any case, the door was closed and I was outside, standing, well, leaning forward with my chest against the edge of the hot tub, tapping at the computer.

The edge was about waist high there when standing, so while it wasn't the best typing position, it was reasonably comfortable.

I didn't hear him sliding the door open, and didn't hear him coming out onto the balcony. But I saw movement out of the periphery of my right eye and raised my eyes from the keyboard to see him standing there, expressionless, looking at me with a sort of intent patience.

I'd been there about two weeks by then, and for a moment I felt an explosion of fear, like you would expect when you think you're alone in your own home and suddenly some stranger is there! But that only lasted a second, probably less. This wasn't some burglar from 'the hood' but a man in a very expensive three piece suit.

He was hot! He was in his thirties, somewhere, and had a firm jaw, tousled brown hair, and these amazing dark eyes! His suit was steel gray, with a dark

blue tie, and a small, matching bit of blue protruding from some kind of handkerchief on his breast pocket.

My fear dissipated, but my pulse sure didn't settle down, because, well, the thing is, I was naked.

You know how I said you get comfortable and relaxed when you don't go out? Well, I was comfortable and relaxed! Okay, it was kind of neat being naked outside. Having never had my own place, and never had any place private like here, I'd never had that opportunity. Now, I was really enjoying it! I usually put on a swimsuit, or at least, a bra and yoga or jogging pants to write, but being in a hot tub naked had seemed like a natural enough thing!

I froze! I was stunned! I mean, I'm just not used to putting on a show for guys! Not like this! And he wasn't even a guy! He was a man! And an incredibly tall and handsome one with broad shoulders! Fuck!

And there he was standing there calmly watching me tapping at the computer. He had moved forward so he was kind of next to me, which meant he had a pretty good view of my boobs even if the rest of me was mostly under the water!

I wouldn't say I screamed, exactly. I certainly gave a loud sort of yelp, though as I jerked back against the far wall of the tub and slapped my arms across my bare breasts while jerking down low so only my head was above the water!

Well, the yelp might have been close to a scream.

I gaped at him and he looked back, unimpressed, apparently.

“Who are you?” he asked, in a soft, calm, deep voice.

“I-I'm M-Melody!” I squeaked, wide-eyed.

“And why are you in my mother's apartment, Melody?”

I stared at him. Surely she had told him!

“Mrs. Trask... Y-Your mother ... I'm... house sitting!” I exclaimed.

“I was not so informed,” he replied.

He took out a cell phone and flicked through something.

“Your full name?” he demanded.

“M-Melody Blue!” I gulped

He raised his eyebrows at that. Well, everyone did, then dropped his eyes back to his screen.

I licked my lips nervously, and turned my head towards the towel which was sitting across the back of the nearest sofa.

“C-Could you get me that towel, please?” I gulped.

He snorted but didn't raise his eyes from the screen, and I frowned and pursed my lips.

After a moment he leaned against the rail and looked at me.

“So, Melody Blue,” he said. “You work for Roger Starling.”

“Well.. I did,” I said uncomfortably.

“You no longer do.”

“I uhm, resigned,” I said.

“Because you no longer need to pay bills.”

“I have another job!”

And what business is it of yours, mister, I wanted to say. I didn't, though. There was something awfully... well, daunting about those stern dark eyes! I mean, he hadn't threatened me in any way, and I didn't feel threatened. But I still felt... intimidated. And not just because I was naked in the hot tub!

“My name is Evan Trask. You may call me Mister Trask,” he said without a hint of a sense of humor.

I said nothing, just looked at him anxiously.

“How much are you being paid?” he asked.

“Nothing,” I protested.

Like, I mean, in case he thought I was ripping his mother off or something, you know?

He raised his eyebrows.

“Silly girl. Always get paid for anything you do.”

“Well, uhm, I'm getting paid in free rent.”

And would you please get out so I can get a towel, I wanted to add!

“And did you negotiate this payment? Do you get any fringe benefits?”

I stared at him, wondering what the hell he was getting at. He made no move to come closer or to peer through the water at me, and didn't seem particularly excited or anything.

“Uhm, no,” I said.

“No Mister Trask,” he said.

I stared at him.

I stared at him.

“Or sir. Either will do.”

“Uh, okay.”

“How old are you, Melody Blue?”

“I'm twenty,” I said. “Well, almost. Next month.”

“Quite young,” he said. “But fully grown for all of that.”

Here his nicely full lips quirked up in what almost might have been a smile, and I blushed at the reference, or what I thought was the reference, feeling the soft

moist heat of my bare breasts against my wrists and hands.

“You're a writer?”

“Well, I hope to be.”

“No, you hope to be a professional writer.”

“Okay.”

“Sir or Mister Trask,” he said.

I looked at him strangely but he turned up the voltage on those dark eyes and I gulped anxiously.

My sudden shock had seeped slowly out of me by then, along with some of my embarrassment. I was still very anxious and self-conscious, but I wasn't afraid or anything. I was just very... apprehensive, kind of. I mean, I was still completely naked in front of this... this man!

But that thought was starting to rouse something other than anxiety. I mean, not that I'm a slut or anything, but he was an extremely impressive looking guy, and would have been even without that gorgeous suit. And I started to feel a sort of squirmy sense of possibilities as I sat there naked.

“Do you enjoy the hot tub?” he asked.

I flushed and nodded.

“Oral, Ms. Blue. I want oral from you.”

I blushed even more, and gave him a reproving look. “Yes, Mister Trask,” I said tartly.

But I felt a thrum of sexual energy starting to ripple up and down my spine.

“You have an excellent body,” he said.

I squirmed mentally and my blush deepened.

“Have you made use of the gym yet?” he asked.

I shook my head and he frowned.

“I've already told you to speak aloud, Ms. Blue. Women who don't do as they're told around me often get punished.”

Punished!? What did he mean by that!? I felt my anxiety growing once again.

“I think you should probably be paid for your time here,” he said, in a very startling shift of direction.

“Uh, well...”

“I manage my mother's finances,” he informed me.

“Well, uhm, she didn't – .”

“Fifteen hundred a month would seem appropriate.”

I felt my eyes widen. “That's like, ten bucks an hour!” I said.

He raised those eyebrows again.

“Uhm, I mean, if you figured an seven and a half hour day five days a week,” I said, my voice trailing off.

“Very good, Miss Blue,” he replied, sounding impressed. “A lot of young people can barely add with the use of a machine, let alone do it in their head. Do you enjoy math?”

“I've always been kind of good at doing numbers in my head,” I mumbled.

“Sir or Mister Trask,” he said. “I dislike giving the same order multiple times, Miss Blue. Assuming your hearing is in good shape I would suggest you don't listen very well.”

“Sorry... uh sir,” I gulped.

“There is a school of thought, Miss Blue, that the best way to teach young people discipline is by applying a hand to their posterior. What do you think of that?”

I felt another rush of anxiety, and my face flushed even more! Was he just, like, saying that, or was he one of those guys, you know, the guys most of us had barely heard of...

I decided to stand up for myself, though it wasn't easy. I steeled my face and frowned at him.

“That would be against the law,” I said sternly.

His lips quirked up again slightly, then he pushed himself away from the railing and suddenly he was leaning on the edge of the tub across from me.

“Only if you object,” he said in a throaty purr of a voice.

I felt a little shock roll through me, a strange sort of mix of anxiety, embarrassment and heat!

“I-I object!” I gulped.

He cocked his head a little.

“Do you? And to what do you object, Miss Blue?”

I didn't know how to answer that! I certainly wasn't going to say anything aloud about a spanking!

“Could I please have that towel?” I gulped, pointing.

He turned his head idly. “I have no... objection,” he said.

I looked at him, blushing, then at the towel, then at him.

“Could you please get it for me?”

“Sir,” he said in a soft breath of a voice.

I clamped my lips together and he grinned, then eased back, sitting on the back of the sofa.

“Someone should have taught you earlier in your life that those who wish favors should approach the request like a proper supplicant.”

I stared at him and he looked back.

“Why aren't you going to college, Miss Blue?”

I was confused by the abrupt change of subject.

“Uhm... I don't have any money,” I said.

“Unsurprising, since you take jobs without getting paid and don't negotiate salary.”

He raised his hand, and then crooked his finger at me.

“Come here, girl,” he said.

I felt another rush of anxiety, mixed with adrenalin and, well, to be honest, a strange, squirmy sort of heat!

I shook my head at him very rapidly.

“You're not giving me the oral I asked for, Miss Blue,” he said.

I flushed again. I felt trapped! I felt anxious, and I felt this dark, bubbling kind of sexual tension inside myself! Where it came from, I couldn't say! It confused me, even baffled me! Oh, he was a hot looking man, that was for sure. And I was naked. But he was acting like a... well, an arrogant bastard!

That always turned me off, sort of. It's hard to explain where the confidence and determination I admire in men turns to the arrogance which turns me off. The weird thing is that his attitude should have passed over the line already, but it hadn't because, well, it was like he was so good looking, so well-dressed, so rich and impressive that... I think he'd moved the bar!

Or maybe something inside me had moved the bar.

He reached up and undid his tie, then let it dangle in a way which made my heart pound!. Then he folded it, with another faint smile, and put it into the side pocket of his blazer. He undid the top button of his shirt, then the next button, and then the next.

I found my eyes locked onto his fingers as they deftly undid one button after another down the center of his torso, all the way to the belt line. He tugged his shirt up and undid the remaining buttons, then with one swift, graceful movement, he drew both blazer and shirt back over his shoulders and let them fall onto the back of the sofa.

He was... well built. I mean, clearly wherever he lived, he had a gym, just like this place did, and unlike me, he clearly put some time into it. He had an incredible body! He had just a sprinkling of hair across his seriously buffed chest, and muscular, ropy arms. His abs were distinct and obvious, and I felt a sudden dark, hormonal urge to slide my fingers along them!

“Wh-what are you doing!?” I squeaked.

He raised his eyebrows again. “It's a lovely warm day. I'd like to sit in the hot tub and enjoy the view.”

His eyes seemed to smolder, and I knew he didn't mean the view of the ocean!

“D-Don't you dare!” I gasped.

He undid his belt, then slid it out of the loops and held it, doubled up, sliding it between his fingers.

“Why?” he asked.

I gulped, heart pounding, staring at the belt, at least, until he put it down on the back of the sofa!

“I-I'll call the police!” I cried.

He smiled openly.

“The police concern themselves with lawbreakers,” he said. “What law do you believe I'm breaking?”

He undid his trousers and they dropped to his ankles!

He was wearing... very brief underwear! It was like... tight green briefs with a very thick black waistband. Very tight green briefs. Very small, very tight green

briefs! I think just about any man wearing speedos or other tight shorts looks awful. But not him. He was too buff, too toned. And you know those briefs, those briefs were hugging something tightly which was very big!

He didn't have an erection. That was for sure. You'd see that easily. You couldn't miss it in those short little briefs! But either he had stuffed like, a big pair of big socks in there, or this guy was... uhm... on the large size.

And he stood there arrogantly, clearly well-aware of just how good looking he was, looking way too calm and casual while my heart beat like a trip-hammer! Then he slipped his thumbs into the waistband, slipped the briefs down, and then sat back casually against the edge of the sofa back.

Oh! My! God!

Very, very few guys look good naked. I mean, sometimes they have a nice chest, and sometimes they have a nice ass. But, well, to be blunt, their little penis and testicles were not usually very exciting to the eyes. In fact, usually they looked kind of... amusing. They always looked so small when soft.

This guy... this guy had the biggest, and thickest and longest flaccid cock I had ever seen! He was as long and thick, soft, as my last boyfriend had been hard! It was all I could do to not gape!

My heart was still pounding, my pulse racing, and my mind was swirling with emotions! I was aghast, of course. But I was also transfixed! God, he was hot looking! And he was sooo cocky! And he was the oldest guy I had ever seen naked by probably ten years.

I felt an almost hysterical thought that maybe guys' cocks got bigger as they got older!

He slid his hands up behind his neck and then... yawned. I swear to God! He yawned, and arched his back, and even as phony as I knew it to be, well shit, it really did emphasize both how muscular his arms were and how toned that chest was!

Then he turned away and walked over to the railing, giving me a very clear view of a very nice, tight ass! Shit! Shit! I had to deliberately jerk my eyes closed just to keep them from being seen to be as wide as they were when he turned around!

He did so at the rail, turned and then leaned lazily against it, grinning now. The door to the apartment was on the right, and he was on the left.

“You can go if you're uncomfortable,” he said, waving his hand towards the door.

Of course, that would mean climbing out of the hot tub naked while he watched! I could see it in my minds eyes, desperately trying to cover my body with my arms and scurrying away like... like some little virgin girl! And there he stood, slouched, completely naked, and as utterly unconcerned about his nudity as any man I had ever seen in my life!

With reason, mind you.

I had no doubt he'd just lean there and watch me go, and laugh at me. But I had always had a thing about people laughing at me, about my sense of dignity. I refused to give him the satisfaction!

So I could simply climb out of the hot tub with the same casual sense of unconcern about my naked body as he was displaying or – oh who am I kidding!? No way I could pull that off!

Though admittedly I was feeling less... uhm, shy in the sense that I was getting more accustomed to his presence, and of course, to him being naked. God!

I glared at him, fighting very hard to keep my eyes above the waist as I did so. And I eased up in the water, though still had my arms crossed above my breasts.

“A gentleman would get me the towel and then turn his head while I climbed out,” I said.

He raised his eyebrows.

“I don't believe I ever suggested I was a gentleman, Miss Blue,” he replied.

“Well... well, good,” I said lamely.

“Do I get credit for honesty?”

“No!”

“Sir,” he said, “or Mister Trask.”

“Why should I call you sir?” I demanded.

“It's polite, and proper from a young woman to an older man. Have I been impolite to you, Miss Blue?”

I glared at him, since, in a twisted way, he was right.

“It's also proper from employee to an employer.”

“I'm not your employee... sir!” I said indignantly.

“I own this condo. I'm paying you fifteen hundred dollars a month to house sit. Doesn't that make me your employer?”

“You're not paying me any money!”

“Are you saying you don't want to be paid?”

I hesitated uncertainly.

“Most people who house sit do get paid, you know.”

I glowered, then gulped as he pushed himself off the railing and walked closer. He walked so naturally, even naked, like... well, like some kind of wild animal, a predator! Definitely a predator. I fought not to draw back further. It's not like I could get much further back anyway.

He stopped at the edge of the hot tub. The tub sides were about waist high, at least to me. To him, not so much. But the top was at least just... just barely... above the level of his, well. Let's say it hid what should be hidden.

That didn't make the bulk of his muscular nudity any less intimidating – or uhm, hormonally influencing! His belly was gorgeous, all the way down his abdomen to where the rest of him was hidden.

“Don't you dare come in here!” I warned, putting one hand out and pointing at him determinedly.

“Very well,” he said. “I can see where you'd be uncomfortable having a naked

man in the hot tub with you, you being a shy, virginal girl and all.”

I glowered at him.

“Would it be inappropriate for me to comment on how attractive your hair is, Miss Blue?”

I didn't stop glowering.

“I've always had a thing for blondes,” he said. “Natural blondes. Long-haired natural blondes, to be specific, with straight hair, to be even more exact.”

“That's your problem,” I gulped.

He shook his head. “It's not a problem at all. I simply enjoy beautiful things, be they ocean views, paintings, or beautiful women. I once paid eight million dollars for a painting of a blonde woman. It was a Renoir. It's at my office in L.A.

“Well, good for you,” I said uncomfortably.

“Beautiful women who are intelligent are even more interesting, on so many levels. Intelligent women have imaginations, and are open to all sorts of ideas and discussions.”

“So put some pants on and we'll chat,” I said.

He grinned. “But the conversation wouldn't be as exciting, Miss Blue.”

“I'm not excited.”

“I'm not either,” he said, stepping back and gesturing downward.

I flushed and jerked my eyes back up after a brief glance that sent a hot rush of... something through my belly!

“I could get that way, though,” he said, stepping forward again.

“Look... what exactly do you want!?” I asked desperately.

“Sir,” he said.

“What do you want, sir?”

“Are you afraid of me, Miss Blue?”

I bit my lower lip for a moment, then scowled. “No!”

It was true. I wasn't. I mean, I was uncomfortable, anxious, embarrassed and uncertain, and maybe more than a little aroused, but I wasn't afraid he would attack me or something. I'm not sure why, except that he had shown enough of his personality in this brief period of time I couldn't imagine him doing something that, well... violent, at least, except in self-defense.

“What I want of you is obvious.”

“No!”

“Why not? I have a great body. You're interested, maybe even intrigued.”

“I am not!” I lied.

“Sir,” he said.

“You're one of those guys, aren't you!” I blurted.

He raised his eyebrows again. “Guys?” He glanced downward at himself, then back up, grinning.

“You know what I mean!”

“Not in the slightest.”

“One of those guys that likes to make girls call you sir! And... and tie them up!”

“Ahhh, I see. One of those guys. You mean dominant males? I am, after all, a fairly dominant male,” he said with arched eyebrows.

Of that there could be no doubt!

“And do you like tying girls up?” I demanded.

He grinned again. “Sometimes. Although, only if they say I can, and only if they

like it.”

“Well I don't like it!”

“Have you been tied up often?”

I glared.

“I didn't think so.”

He moved back and propped his butt on the back of the sofa, which was a relief, except that it made him visible below the abdomen again.

“I want to make you scream,” he said in all seriousness. “I want to make you scream so loudly and so long that your throat is sore the next day.”

I felt my eyes growing wide.

“In pleasure, of course,” he said with a grin.

“You're not a modest man, are you, Mister Trask!”

“If you ask me about my abilities to ride a camel I'll be modest. If you ask me about my abilities to make a woman scream in pleasure, well, in all modesty, I'm very, very good.”

“I didn't ask!”

He moved very, very quickly! And suddenly he was against the tub again, looking down at me, looming!

“Sir, or Mister Trask,” he said in a low growl.

“Sir!” I gulped, shrinking back a bit.

“I want to kiss you, Miss Blue.”

I shook my head rapidly.

He smiled, then crooked his finger at me.

I shook my head again!

“Why don't we cut a deal?” he said.

“Wh-what kind of deal?”

“If you let me kiss you and you don't want to do anything else then I'll gather my things and go to my room and not trouble you further.”

It was a completely unreasonable request! But in the context of the past five minutes it seemed much more reasonable somehow. It would allow me to get out of here without looking like a ridiculous prude scurrying away while dripping wet, and it would get him and his big penis away from me!

“Y-You won't touch me?” I gulped suspiciously.

“I won't touch anything below your shoulders,” he replied with a smile.

His eyes glinted, though!

“You promise?”

“Unless you want me to touch you elsewhere.”

“I don't!”

He shrugged.

He crooked his finger at me again. I glared at him, then slowly waded forward through the water, heart thumping and my lower belly thrumming wildly. Butterflies were swirling around in my stomach as I eased in close to the edge of the tub, arms still across my breasts.

“I am a man, Miss Blue, who does what he says and says what he does. In that way, I am utterly reliable. Everyone who works with me or lives with me or knows me is aware of that.”

He reached up and I jerked back. He gave me a sad look and I braced myself and moved forward again. His fingers slid gently through my hair and behind my head, and then he leaned in closer and closer, until his face filled the world! His

lips pressed even more gently against mine, as light as a butterfly.

At first.

But it was like... like his full lips spread and expanded to envelope my mouth and lock against it! It was still not harsh or strong, but merely very... firm. His lips moved against mine as he pulled in against my head, and his tongue traced a line across my lower lip, then dipped past, startling me.

I could smell some kind of light cologne on his skin, something like the merest trace of lilac, but masculine somehow, smelling of spring sunshine. His fingers were pressing against the back of my head, not firmly, or fully, but guiding me forward.

His head was cocked slightly to one side, and his fingertips guided my head to tilt towards the other. I went with it without thought, feeling his lips moving slowly, sensuously on mine as his eyes locked onto me. I felt heat spreading to my cheeks, and felt my determination to let him kiss me and then push him away ... melting.

This man knew how to kiss a girl!

And it only got hotter from there! His lips moved more firmly against mine and his tongue eased deeper, caressing mine. His fingers seemed to become entrapped in my hair and as he tugged them back forced my head back. That let him lean over me, and I felt my bare arms against his bare chest, with my breasts hiding behind!

A strange, wild, fluttering bird appeared in my head. Why not, it said, the very words fluttering wildly, shocking me, in a way. Why not? Why not?!

His lips were in constant motion, as my pulse pounded in my head, and the hard, firm heat of his chest was an incredible sensation against the backs of my arms! So much so that almost without thought, maybe in part because he pulled on my hair and it ached a bit, my arms turned, my hands pressing against his bare chest.

And I was lost with that, my mind swirling madly, not knowing in which direction to run, as that little fluttery bird kept saying 'why not?'

The feel of his chest against my fingers was irresistible. My fingers just pressed

there for a bit, then began to move on their own, just a bit at first, but then more, needing to feel his body, needing to run my hands over it and feel that hardness under the soft skin.

I was torn. The disapproving, independent side of me was aghast, wanting to simply shove him back and demand he leave, but the rest of me was becoming more and more drawn to the wild, sensuous thrill of that kiss, and of his body, and... and of a kind of dark sense of anticipation and wonder.

Leave all that to go and hide in my room!?! No! I couldn't!

His hands on my head were becoming more insistent, and his lips were becoming more passionate as he drew me in against him. I moaned helplessly, overwhelmed by the feel and the sight and the scent of him as my hands slid up his chest.

And then my bare breasts pressed against his bare skin and a kind of crackling sexual shock-wave rippled through them! I let out a helpless squeak, and jerked my chest back to draw away, but his hands were still on my head, in my hair, and that fluttery little bird was still chirping in my mind as emotions raced helplessly around within it.

His hands tightened against my head, and in my hair and then he leaned back. I gasped at the sudden pull on my hair, my own hands darting up onto his shoulders to support me as I rose onto my toes!

He eased back, and I felt my abdomen scraping over the top of the tub as I went with him, my breasts pressing against his chest again as his mouth ravished my own! It was like he was a wild lion feeding at my mouth, and my own mouth lay prostrate and helpless before him, being consumed.

But in way which was turning my blood to fire!

He slowly backed up and I slid up across the lips of the hot tub, hands still grasping his shoulders to support myself, and then my body came out of the tub and was pressed against him all along its length! I felt his cock against my lower belly, and another wild charge of sexual electricity jolted my mind!

Because it wasn't altogether soft any more!

Even as he kissed me, and as I began to tentatively kiss him back, I could feel it hardening and thickening against my body, could feel it pressing more firmly against me as his hands finally slid downward off my head, down along my back, caressing my soft, wet skin, sliding gently along it, back and forth, and then... down to follow the contours of my buttocks.

His fingers dug into my flesh, kneading my buttocks, pulling me in even more firmly against his hardening cock, and I was breathless and lost to that kiss, which seemed to have no end! I was becoming dazed as his lips finally eased back, and were it not for his firm hands on my bottom I might have fallen!

“Sir,” he said. “Say it.”

“S-sir,” I all-but whispered.

His fingers dug into my bottom and lifted me up, and I squeaked, my legs automatically going up and around him as he turned me around and kind of half settled me on the back of the sofa. Only now his cock was fully erect and pressed between our bodies as his lips kissed me passionately.

He drew back slowly, leaving me gasping, heart pounding, then slid his hands up my arms to grip my wrists. He took them down and kissed each of them in turn, then crossed them and held them for a moment, looking me in the eyes.

I stared at him dazedly, not moving, and then watched, as if in a trance, as he picked up his silk tie and wrapped it around my crossed wrists. I felt another hot jolt and gasped aloud, but didn't move, as he wrapped the tie carefully, criss-crossing it, binding my wrists tightly and firmly together in front of me.

He pulled my bound hands up over his head then, letting them settle behind his neck. Then his hands picked me up again, carrying me around the outdoor sofa to the space in between it and the other. He pushed aside the table with his lower leg, then set me on my feet again, pulling my hands back over his head.

“Wha – ?”

“No talking,” he said.

That should have made me indignant, but didn't, somehow. I watched him reach up and take down one of the hanging plants, having no idea why. Then he gripped both wrists and lifted them into the air, sliding the tie over the curve of the hook attached to the ceiling, before lowering me again.

I gasped as the silk tie tightened around my wrists, holding my arms high, keeping my body stretched out to the point I rose on the balls of my feet.

He stepped back, his eyes dark and hooded, smoldering as they looked up and down, and I flushed hotly, my insides swirling and churning with anticipation, anxiety, heat and even a little fear.

He kissed me again, his hands sliding up and down my back and buttocks, pulling me in against so that his cock was pressed between us. Then his right hand slid around in front of me, cupping and kneading my breast. I gasped as he plucked at the stiff nipple, then pinched it.

“Oh! Please!” I gasped.

His eyes bored into mine.

“Sir,” he said.

“P-Please, sir!” I gasped.

He released my nipple, then rolled it between his fingers before his hand glided downward. He shifted his body aside a little, and I sucked in a sudden breath as his fingers found my sex. They ran along the line of my opening, then pushed lightly within, exploring the mouth of my sex. They didn't go far, dipping into me, then drawing back, but then they dipped in again, and again.

His thumb found my clitoris, and another jolt swept through me.

My body was trembling, literally trembling, with the intensity of the emotions and sensations and pressure boiling away inside me! His fingers pushed deeper and deeper, his thumb stroking at my clitoris, and his other hand suddenly jerked back sharply on my hair, forcing my head up and back.

“Oh! Please!” I cried again.

“Sir,” he said.

“Please, sir!” I gasped.

He bent to take the center of my left breast into his mouth, his teeth digging into my flesh with a firm, hungry ache that was just shy of pain. His tongue swept over my throbbing nipple and he began to suck rhythmically as his fingers slid the rest of the way into my body!

I shuddered and moaned helplessly, gulping in air more and more frantically, until he straightened, his eyes boring into mine.

“I want you to come now, Miss Blue. Come for me.”

His thumb stroked harder against my clitoris.

“Come for me now!” he growled, as if it was an order!

You can't order someone to come! I thought frantically.

“Do it,” he said. “Do it now,” his voice demanded.

And then I came.

It was like a deep upwelling of some massive flood of sensation, pouring up through my body and then exploding, doubling and redoubling its intensity as I cried out in helpless pleasure! My hips bucked violently against his fingers, everything in my mind swept away under that torrent of heat, pleasure and orgiastic wonder!

His face was right in front of me, his eyes intent upon mine as I came, but my eyes just simply rolled back into my head, caring about nothing and no one other than that incredible storm of pleasure tearing through my body!

It was so good! It was sooooo good!

And when it slowly faded, it left me feeling like an empty shell, but... floating on a languid sea of satisfaction, sated, panting, moaning, eyes glassy as he moved back and examined me from a few feet of distance, perhaps like an artist looking at what he'd thus far accomplished.

Fuck! I mean... I mean, fuck!

He moved behind me, and then those big, muscled arms swept in around me as I felt his thick cock sliding up between my buttocks. I gasped as his arms held me close against him, and he kind of ground himself slowly into my buttocks!

His hands slid slowly up to cup and knead my breasts, and his mouth came in behind me and from the side, through and around my hair, as I felt kisses against the side of my neck.

“Th-that... I ... you – .”

His hand rose and covered my mouth.

“Shhh,” he said into my ear. “No talking.”

His hand eased downward, but his fingers brushed along my lower lip, and I was still gulping air so my mouth was not closed. His fingers slid into my mouth, caressing my tongue!

“Suck,” he said softly.

It was an order.

My mind was still very fuzzy, but I closed my lips, sucking on his fingers, three of them, sliding slowly in and out, and along my tongue. They slipped free of my mouth and I flinched as I felt them again between my legs, on my clitoris.

“Let me hear you say sir again, Miss Blue,” he ordered.

“Sir,” I gulped.

“Say ... please, sir.”

“Please, sir!” I said, eyes blinking rapidly as my breathing began to grow uneven again.

He ground himself against me again, slowly, grinding upward so what felt like an incredibly thick cock slid up and down between my buttocks!

“You have a very sweet voice, Miss Blue,” he said, “And you won't be able to talk when I'm done with you, so it's pleasant to hear it now.”

What? What did that mean!?

He bit into the nape of my neck, and I gasped at the pain, but at the same time his hand squeezed my breast up and in as his other hand stroked more firmly against my clitoris. Multiple sensations flitted through my body as he continued to grind his big cock into me at the same time.

God!

He drew back and I felt his fingers sliding through my hair, then parting it, as he leaned in and kissed the back of my neck. His lips traced downward along my spine, and then his hands gripped my chest and turned me as he slid to his knees before me.

I gulped in air, gaping down at him, my wrists throbbing, my insides thrumming as he stared at my sex. Then his mouth moved in and his hands gripped my thighs, forcing them apart. I had sank almost down onto my heels, accepting the tighter grip of the silk around my wrists to ease the strain on my ankles. Now I had to raise myself to the balls of my feet again, and further, as his tongue swept

up and down along my sex!

I have to say that oral sex was the weakest talent any guy I had ever slept with possessed. It's honestly not that difficult a skill to master, but it was like very few of them had much interest in it beyond the obligatory few licks.

Evan Trask's lips moved against my lower lips in the same manner as they had against my mouth. He started off gently, mouthing me softly, caressing me, his tongue dipping out here and there, and then he became more and more energetic, more passionate, more determined.

And this time it was accompanied by his fingers.

His fingers gently slid into me, then spread open the mouth of my sex so his tongue could plunge in and then sweep up across my clitoris. His lips massaged mine, then, as his fingers pushed deeper into my sex, then still deeper, two, at first, but then three. Three big, thick, long fingers!

I moaned as they sort of curled in to press back against the inside of my abdomen, against the flesh under and behind my clitoris. At the same time his tongue began to lick me with long, quick, firm strokes that soon had me gasping and trembling, shaking with an incredible overload of sensations!

He started to adjust his tongue and fingers together. His fingers would slide firmly up into me, pressing firmly in and back, then as they slid back and down his tongue would sweep upward across my clitoris. The sensation had me gasping aloud – repeatedly – every time he did it!

“Are you ready to come again, Miss Blue?” he asked.

I was not quite beyond speech, but I hadn't quite remembered how – until he stopped and looked up the length of my body.

“Are you ready to come again, Miss Blue?” he demanded.

“Y-Y-Yes!” I gasped breathlessly.

“Yes, sir,” he said firmly.

I moaned, and he reached around and slapped my bottom sharply.

“Oh!”

“Yes, sir,” he said firmly.

“Yes, sir!”

His fingers slid up into me again and I shuddered.

“Would you like me to make you come again, Miss Blue?”

“Y-yes, sir!” I gasped.

I gasped as his tongue up across my clitoris!

Then he was suddenly up there in my face, and his big hands had enveloped my flushed face, tilting it back and up as he leaned in. His nose was almost touching mine as his eyes bored into mine!

“Beg,” he whispered.

I stared at him dazedly.

“Beg me to make you come,” he ordered.

“Please make me come!” I gulped.

He drew back, then slapped my bottom sharply again.

“Ow!”

His hand cupped my face once more as he leaned in.

“Sir,” he said.

“Please make me come, sir!” I gulped.

“Again.”

“Please make me, come, sir!” I repeated, chest tight, stomach fluttering wildly.

He bent and sucked and chewed on the center of my left breast and I shuddered.

“Beg,” he ordered.

“Please make me come, sir!”

He shifted his mouth to my other breast, sucking, chewing, his tongue whipping across the nipple.

“Beg,” he ordered.

“Please make me come, sir!” I gasped.

He slid down to his knees and his hands forced my trembling thighs apart, once more. His fingers slid up inside me and his tongue began to lick me with long, slow licks, the speed picking up with every passing second until I was gurgling and crying out again and again and again as the pulse beat of sensory overload grew wilder and more intense!

“Beg!” he ordered.

“Please make me come, sir!” I cried.

And then I did, crying out again, hips grinding feverishly against him as his tongue rolled across my clitoris and his fingers pumped almost violently inside me!

There are orgasms and then there are orgasms. Some are almost disappointing, hardly even there. Some are satisfying. Some few are longer, more intense, more incredible. The first orgasm I'd had was one of those, but on steroids. And this one was even more powerful!

I couldn't help crying out, only my breathlessness keeping me from screaming, as my insides boiled over with a wild, ferocious outburst that overloaded my nervous system! The breath gurgled through my open lips as my eyes rolled back in my head and I lost my balance, literally hanging from my wrists as my hips continued to buck desperately into his mouth!

He drew back as I finally drew breath and tried to get my feet underneath me, then rose smoothly to his feet and left.

I didn't care. I was too rattled, too dazed. I was gulping in deep, trembling

breaths of air, a little shell-shocked by the force of the explosive sensations which had torn through me.

Wow! I mean... wow!

He came back, and I had a moment to stare at him before my eyes dropped to the thing held in his hand, a thing which was rising up towards me even as I noticed it and pondered its purpose.

He held it before me and I gasped aloud, eyes widening.

“Can't have you worrying the neighbors, Miss Blue,” he said solemnly.

He pushed it forward against my mouth, against my open mouth. It was a ball, a black ball a little bigger than a golf ball, maybe, but it was made of something spongy, with a strange, sensuous, tactile feel to it, something like silicone.

He held it there by the straps which extended out from either side, half in and half out of my mouth, his eyes on mine. Then he slowly pushed it deeper. I felt my lips forced up further, my jaw forced wider and then wider as it pushed slowly, slowly into my mouth, penetrating it, sliding over my tongue, then pushing inside to fill my oral cavity entirely, pushing upwards against the roof of my mouth and down against my tongue.

I moaned around it as he drew the straps back along my cheeks, back behind my head, drawing them tight, then buckling it somehow behind me. I could not close my mouth any longer, for the ball would not permit it.

“There,” he said, drawing back. “Now you are utterly helpless before me, Miss Blue.”

I felt my heart skip a beat, but I just stared at him as he reached out and ran his hands over my breasts, then caught at my nipples, pinching them lightly between thumbs and forefingers. I gasped, then cried out, the sound muffled, as he pinched them harder, pulling up towards him, forcing me to arch my back sharply.

“You might ask yourself, Miss Blue, what my intentions are towards you,” he said.

He released my overheated, aching nipples, and moved around behind me.

Crack!

I yelped into the gag at the slap to my bottom, and felt my anxiety grow as he drew the hair behind my head aside with his fingers, then leaned in to kiss lightly along the nape of my neck.

“I intend to enslave you,” he whispered into my ear.

I gulped uncertainly. Was he crazy, or was he just playing some perverted game!? I didn't know, and I was tied up and helpless! He could do anything to me!

“I will condition you to being my sex slave, Miss Blue, in the same way as Pavlov conditioned his dog. I will give you such intense pleasure that the mere sight of me will start you salivating.”

He nibbled lightly on my ear.

“Not up here,” he said, his hand rising to caress the ball which held my lips apart, “But here.”

His fingers were now down between my legs, caressing my pussy!

“I will learn the ways of your body as even you do not know them, and use it against you. I will turn your own body into my willing accomplice to enslave your mind, Miss Blue,” he said.

I gasped as I felt something pressing against my bottom, against my back opening! I tried to refuse, to deny, to explain, to say... anything, but of course, that wasn't possible. It pushed against me, twisting and turning, kind of narrow and round, slowly pushing up inside me. It was slick, slippery, and the most I could do was shake my head, which did no good.

It got wider, and I moaned as I felt the pressure grow heavier, then lighter, heavier, then lighter, slowly working it up deeper, spreading me open more and more to the point I began to ache. Then it was like... it just got sucked into my body, sliding slickly through my sphincter until it felt like a round ball resting inside me, much like the ball gag.

He turned my body easily and then his lips were on the other side of my throat, then moving, tracing forward and down to my breasts, where he lavished his oral attention, sucking, licking, chewing softly, then harder as my breasts began to throb and burn.

Then he turned and left me again, left me panting, gasping, eyes blinking, to disappear into the apartment and leave me alone. Naked, and tied up.

God!

A part of me was starting to come to life again, that part which thought I was insane, that part which said what the hell are you doing?! But most of me was still enthralled with what he had done to me, what he was doing to me, and what he was going to do to me!

He returned, with a wine glass and a coil of black rope!

He smiled, eyes glinting, then set down the glass on the side table and came forward with the rope.

He let it unfold, then bent and wrapped it around my right ankle. I dropped my eyes, staring, as he looped it several times around my ankle, then tied it off, wondering excitedly and anxiously what he was doing.

He drew the rope to the side, and through a small metal eye screwed to the side of the base of the hot tub. He passed it through the eye then up towards the ceiling above, reached up, and took down a second plant, and then passed the rope over the hook there before drawing it in towards the center, towards me.

I gulped, looking up at it, head cocked back, pulse starting to pick up once more.

“I have a very aggressive schedule,” he said. “I work long hours and I am... intense... in my work. I think I'd go mad if I didn't have a hobby or two.”

He was wrapping the black rope around my wrist, and I have to say it was the softest rope I had ever felt before. As with my ankle, he wrapped loop after loop around my wrist, then untied the silk tie and, carefully holding my right arm, finished looping the rope around it and tied it off.

He drew my arm up and to the right, then pulled on the rope. I gasped as I felt

the pull on my right ankle, and it was forced further to the side. He nodded, and reached up to clip the rope to the hook up on the ceiling somehow.

Of course, there was still more rope. He ran it across overhead, through the hook above me, then across to another, which required him to take down another plant. He fed the rope through it and then removed the tie from my left wrist, extended it up and out, and looped the rope around it.

I was getting more and more excited, for some reason, my stomach swirling more, my chest tightening, my breathing getting more ragged, as he put such careful attention into tying me up! This was so kinky after all, and I wondered if that business about making me his 'sex slave' was just meant for sexy talk or if he could possibly really mean it!

There was no way I was going to be anyone's sex slave! Though I have to admit that after what he'd done so far the concept was imbued with a certain... heat.

I gasped as he tugged on my arm, extending it fully. Now both my wrists were tautly pulled up and to the sides! I watched him draw the rope down and out, then to another little metal eye in the floor of the deck just below the second little outdoor sofa.

He fed it in towards me, dropping low, grasping my ankle firmly but not roughly, and pulling it open. God! This felt so wild! I stared out to sea as he wrapped the rope around my ankle again and again, and then tied it off. I was spreadeagled and helpless!

And then he was behind me again, his cock pushing up against my buttocks, sliding up between them, pressing against my spine as he ground himself into me. His arms slid around me, his hands cupping my breasts, his lips moving down along the nape of my neck.

When was he going to fuck me!?! This was insane! No guy had ever made me come twice before even entering me before!

No guy had ever made me come twice at all!

I moaned into the gag as his hands moved downward, as his fingers began to stroke my clitoris again.

“Shall I make you come again, slave girl?” he whispered into my ear.

I moaned in response.

Then he was gone, disappeared inside again, leaving me to stare out at the waves washing ashore.

He soon returned, coming up behind me again. This time his stiff cock slid between my thighs as he reached around in front to grip the head. He pressed the thick, warm shaft up against my sex from underneath, then slid slowly in and out.

He was long enough that the head was able to slide up across my clitoris!

“I'm going to fuck you all day and all night, slave girl,” he whispered into my ear.

His other hand rose to cup and squeeze my breast as he mouthed my neck and ground his cock up and down against me. I let out a cry of startled pain as his hand released his cock, and abruptly jerked back my hair.

“Shall I hurt you while I do that?” he asked softly. “Should I make you scream in pain as well as pleasure?”

I felt a jolt of tension and anxiety, but could only moan into the gag filling my mouth as he licked and kissed his way down along the exposed nape of my neck.

“When you think about it, slave girl, pain is just another kind of heat.”

He demonstrated this by seizing my nipple between his thumb and forefinger and pinching it sharply, making me squirm and cry out into the gag as my nipple began to ache and burn. He released it, chuckling softly, then released my hair as well.

I gasped as he trailed his lips down my back, biting me softly, and sometimes stingingly. When he got to my buttocks he kneaded them, then bit each of them sharply, chuckling at my yelp of pain as his right hand moved around my hip and his fingers began stroking against my clitoris again.

This... this sort of sexual... game playing... was completely new to me! The guys

I'd had sex with had always been harried and eager. There'd been a lot of kissing and groping and then there came sex, and then we were done. No one had taken such an incredible amount of time to enjoy my body, to – to play with it – the way this man was doing!

He moved around in front of me, and I could see my entire upper chest was as flushed as my face as he buried his face in my groin and began to suck and lick me once more. His fingers pushed into me, and pumped in and out, and despite already having climaxed twice, I felt my insides thrumming with sexual electricity once more!

There were no short cuts involved. He seemed completely unhurried! And soon my hips were grinding feverishly against him as the pulsing heat of sexual energy and pleasure filled my body and mind again.

He paused, licking and chewing his way up my body, spending considerable time on my breasts and nipples as I moaned and gasped and yelped, depending on what he did, and how hard he bit or twisted or pulled or pinched or sucked!

He lifted his mouth off them at last, leaving my breasts throbbing, aching, burning, and stared into my eyes. He reached behind me and undid the strap, then eased the gag out of my mouth.

“Tell me you want my cock inside you, slave girl,” he growled.

“I-I... I want your cock inside me!” I gasped weakly.

I cried out in shock as he slapped my face! The blow was certainly not as hard as he could have made it by any means, but it was a shock, and a sharp stinging blow against the cheek which sent my head jerking hard to the side. If I hadn't been tied in place I would have stumbled back!

The blow shocked me, but before I could even think of a complain he had seized my head in his big, strong hands and his lips were crushing mine as he pressed his body against me! He was pushing in against my body hard enough to make my wrists and ankles ache as his weight tried to force me backward and they held me in place!

His mouth was vacuum locked to mine, inhaling my breath, drowning my cry, his tongue invading my mouth and twisting snake-like over my own!

He drew back a moment, releasing my head, and slapped my face again, then grabbed it once more and crushed my lips with his!

I was... dazed, overwhelmed!

He pulled back and moved behind me, and I felt his big hands on my hips, jerking them back sharply, forcefully.

“Do you want my cock inside you, slave?” he demanded.

“Y-Y-Yes!” I gasped.

He abandoned my hips, one hand sliding over my left hip and down between my legs to finger my clitoris even as the hell of his hand forced my hips back.

Crack! I cried out at the sharp slap against my bottom!

“Sir,” he growled.

Crack! He slapped me again to emphasize the word!

“Ow! Please!”

“Say it!”

“Sir!” I cried.

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Again!”

“Sir!”

“Now do you want my cock inside you, slave?”

“Yes, sir!”

Crack!

“Ow!”

“Then beg for my cock, slave?”

“I-I please fuck me, sir!”

Crack!

“Louder, slave.”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I cried.

Crack! He slapped my butt again!

“Push your hips back and out, raise your ass,” he growled.

Gasping, moaning, I obeyed, pushing my hips back as much as I could given how I was tied!

His cock slid between my legs and again he reached around me, gripping the head, pushing the shaft up against my soft sex as he slid in and out.

‘Beg me, slave.’”

“Please fuck me, sir!” I moaned.

He shifted the angle, pushing against the head, and I felt it penetrate me, felt it forcing aside the lips of my sex and pushing slowly against the opening. I groaned as the pressure grew greater and greater, thinking again of how thick he was, how long, how big!

The pressure continued to mount against me, and I wondered if he would even be able to – and then I felt him slowly pushing in, and gasped at the pressure as the lips of my sex stretched taut and aching around his thick shaft!

And then he slid into me, stretching me open as the long, wide meat of him pushed up into my body, and I felt a sense of wonderment, as if it should surely not even be possible for something that big, as if there couldn't possibly be room inside me!

But there was. It was just very, very... tight. I groaned, gasped and moaned as he

pushed against me, his weight pushing my entire body forward against the pull of the ropes around my wrists and ankles.

His left hand suddenly jerked back on my hair.

“Tell me you love my cock,” he said in a low, breathy growl.

“I-I love your cock!” I moaned.

He jerked sharply on my hair.

“Sir!”

“I love your cock, sir!”

He drew back a little, then pushed in once more, drew back, and pushed in. He was thicker than anyone I'd ever taken, and already it felt like he was buried inside me! But I knew he wasn't. I knew he couldn't have more than half the length of that long shaft inside my body, and I felt a sense of desperate anxiety at the thought of him trying to get it all inside me!

I didn't dare protest, though, didn't dare suggest he couldn't. And truth to tell, the heat inside me was burning higher once again, as the feel and thought of that much cock pushing inside me. It ached! But at the same time it made my mind burn with an ever deepening fever!

I wanted him all inside me!

The aching grew worse, even as his fingers stroked my clitoris. He eased back often, then pushed forward. The lips of my sex felt as though they were stretched impossibly wide! His cock already felt impossibly deep! The aching sometimes bordered on pain, but always eased off as he did. Then, somehow, finally, I felt his bare hips pressing firmly against my buttocks!

I felt a sense of intense relief at the knowledge there was no more to come, that the incredible sense of aching fullness would not get worse. Then as he drew back a little, then pushed forward, repeatedly, the ache, though it never went away, began to diminish.

And as he was able to move in and out with longer strokes, the heat began to

rise. I was sopping wet inside! I could tell from the feel of him moving back and forth, in and out, up and down, and I found myself gulping in air and gasping it out every time he thrust forward.

I felt like one of those porn video girls, crying out at every stroke, but it was almost completely involuntary! My entire mind was focused on the thick shaft pushing up inside me, sliding back, then pushing up once more.

Because it felt... amazing!

All of this was amazing!

I let my head hang as he released my hair, as he gripped my hips to jerk them out further. I was literally drooling as my body lurched in and out in time to his strokes. The head of his cock was punching against the inside of my abdomen as his hips began to strike my buttocks with more and more authority, and I felt as though I was losing myself to the howling maelstrom of sensations and steaming heat of the most incredible sex I had ever imagined!

I came. Of course I came! I came with a shattering explosion of pleasure that sent my mind spinning wildly as my out of control body thrashed and shook at the muscle spasms rippling through my insides.

His big hands encircled my thighs, clamped down around them like iron as he jerked me back onto his steely shaft, and the aching rose as his hips slapped hard into my buttocks and his cock punched high into my belly.

But the orgasm just kept tearing through me, the longest I had ever had, one which kept going even as I thought the intensity of it all might actually cause me to lose consciousness!

Then I realized I had stopped breathing. I thought I should probably breathe, but I didn't want to do anything to cause the wondrous waves of pleasure to ease! I was becoming light-headed, but couldn't make my lungs or any other part of my body work!

The orgasm finally eased, and I gulped in ragged breaths of air, my body going limp so that, for long seconds, I was literally hanging from my wrists. My only other support were his big hands circling my thighs, jerking me back to meet his continuing thrusts.

Dazed, I managed to get my legs to function, easing the pain in my wrists, but he was still thrusting, hard, fast, deep, and I was just gurgling and moaning as I tried to recover from that shocking orgasm.

Finally, he gave a flurry of hard, short, painful thrusts, then halted, and I felt his cock softening inside me. I moaned weakly, letting my head hang again.

He jerked my head up and back by the hair again, kissing and chewing and sucking along the nape of my neck, his other hand kneading my breast.

“Slave girl,” he whispered several times.

He was crazy, I thought, but didn't care.

*

Finished? Not even close. I stood there as I had been, spreadeagled on my feet. He pushed the gag into my mouth again, and found a vibrator, a thick one, a very thick one, which he'd slid up into my aching pussy. It wasn't quite as thick as him, but it was awfully big!

The vibrator was like nothing I'd ever seen before. It buzzed strongly inside me, but it also had a kind of clip, like you'd find on a ball point pen, attached to the base. As the thick body of the vibrator was all-but buried inside me the 'clip' slid up across the top of my sex on the outside, pressing against my clitoris.

And it was vibrating even more. But only when he wanted it to. He had a little black box, and when he pushed it, the thing buzzed powerfully. When he pushed it again, it stopped.

He was sitting, slouching, really, on one of the thick padded chairs there, watching me, sipping his wine, and playing with the little box.

I have to admit that sex was not previously a huge factor in my life. I mean, it was okay, and it wasn't like I didn't like boys, but I wasn't exactly super sexually active. I had never owned a vibrator either, nor tried one.

What an idiot I had been!

The vibrator had already made me come three times! And that was in maybe ten

or twelve minutes!

“I like to watch your face when you come, slave girl,” he said.

I could only moan into the gag in response.

And after I had come three times he seemed to have figured out the signs of an impending orgasm, for he would work me up to it, then turn the thing off before I could come, so that the heat inside me would slowly ease back from the brink. Then, when he thought it safe, he'd turn it on again, and work me up to the brink again, only to turn it off.

It was making me quite... frazzled.

The sight of him slouching there, legs apart, naked, did nothing to douse the fires inside me either.

Soon it was taking very little time to heat me up, and much longer to douse the fires. So he helped that along with an ice cube. He'd rouse me to the brink, turn off the vibrator, then run an ice cube back and forth over my nipples, up and down and around my breasts, then down my belly and up my spine.

When I made complaining sounds through the gag he slapped my bottom sharply, or my breasts, less sharply, or pinched my nipples.

He worked me up near the brink once again, then stopped, gripped my cheeks in his hands to tilt my head up, and stared into my eyes.

“I'm going to whip you now, slave,” he said.

I only moaned dazedly, though I felt a sharp pulse of fear and anxiety amidst the heat gripping my body and mind.

He released my cheeks, then moved around behind me. I twisted my head from side to side, trying to watch him, and saw him picking something up. It was a short, thick handled thing with a bunch of foot-long strips of leather or suede leather. I felt a jolt of shock and fear as he ran the strips through his hand and stared at me.

Then he positioned himself, drew his arm back, and swung! The strips spread

out in the air and landed in a loose scattering ripple of stinging impacts across my back! I cried out into the gag, back arching as my body instinctively tried to fling itself away!

The vibrator started buzzing again between my legs, and after a few seconds, the strips landed again, in almost the same place! I cried out again, body jerking sharply away, straining against the ropes binding me!

“Slave girls are naughty girls,” he said.

Crack! The flog cut across my lower back.

“They must be punished properly.”

Crack! The flog cut across my back again!

“The proper way to punish a slave girl is by the flog.”

Crack!

This time he aimed closer to my ribs on the right, so the foot-long strips of leather swept down and curled in around my ribs to snap at the side of my right breast!

I yelped at the sting!

“Or the strap.”

This time they swept around my left side to snap at the side of my breast there!

Crack! Crack! Crack!

The strips snapped at my right breast, then my left, then down between my legs!

“Or the riding crop.”

Crack! Crack! Crack!

Three times the flog cut across my hip to snap down at my lower abdomen and between my legs!

“But she must always know, the punishment is meant to train her.”

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

He started moving around me, swinging the flog casually to let the strips sweep down across my breasts and belly, against my abdomen and hips, my ribs and back and buttocks! None of the individual blows were particularly harsh, but as it continued my entire body began to feel hot and tender, as though I'd been out in the sun too long!

And yet something inside me began to burn far hotter. Even my breasts and nipples began to feel a raw, wild, intense heat from within to echo the dull, throbbing ache from without as the flog cut down across them again and again.

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I felt almost... disembodied. My legs turned to rubber, and then another orgasm hit, a fabulous, incredible orgasm which tore through me like a freight train hitting a bicycle! It sent my mind spinning and flying and tumbling through the howling torrent of sensations which ripped apart my nervous system. Convulsions wracked my body as he swept the flog down faster and harder and my orgasm went on and on!

I didn't quite lose consciousness. I was still conscious as I hung there dazedly, nearly limp, chin on my chest. I could see, and hear, and feel, but my mind wasn't really processing what was going on, too shell shocked to care.

I felt his fingers behind me, working that... thing he'd pushed up into me out. But a moment later he slid something else up into me which was even bigger, and pushed much deeper, deep enough to make me ache. I didn't pay it much mind, though.

Likewise, he was untying my wrists and ankles, one at a time, then holding them as he wrapped something else, some kind of soft, firm leather around them. Another such leather object went around my neck, firm, tight, but not restricting my breathing in any way.

My mind started to function enough for me to care about things around then. I stared at him, still a bit breathless, then looked up at my right wrist to see a leather band around it. There was a similar band around my other wrist, and,

looking down, I saw their mates around my ankles. They all had metal rings set into the sides, and he'd tied the ropes to these rings.

God, wasn't he finished, I wondered dazedly.

Apparently not.

He hummed to himself as he hung a thin chain from the front of the ... collar, he'd put around my throat. He pulled it aside, and I realized it was two chains. The one he held across my left breast had a small ring set into it, and he pressed that in against my breast so that it framed my still very stiff nipple, then turned a tiny key which began to tighten the ring.

Soon my nipple began to throb, then to burn, and I started to writhe and moan my complaints into the gag.

He released it, then drew the other one aside and tightened the ring there around my right nipple.

Then he went inside, emerging with a full glass of wine once more, resuming his seat, and turning on the vibrator again.

I moaned wearily. I felt sore on the outside, aching on the inside, and wanted this to end so I could try and put my mind back together and figure out what the hell had happened and what I was supposed to do about it.

But that didn't happen.

The vibrator was relentless, and soon had me writhing and twisting and moaning there before his eyes. The feel of the pressure inside me was greater now, for in addition to the vibrator inside me I had that other thing he'd slid deep into my ass. The loops on my nipples held them tightly in place, but my bare breasts wanted to move as I moved, which kept tugging on my nipples.

“The problem with most women,” he said, almost absently, “Is the degree to which their sexuality is repressed.”

I, naturally, said nothing.

“It's largely not their fault. Young women, in particular, exist in a strange,

schizophrenic existence where they are lionized by the media as objects of rabid sexuality and desire, while at the same time are expected to exercise the kind of self-restraint that men would never consider.”

He stood up and stepped closer, his hand sliding up my back and into my hair. I had a moment to brace myself but I still gasped as he yanked my head up and back.

“You have gorgeous hair, slave girl,” he said, leaning in to lick lightly along the nape of my neck before pulling back again.

He sipped from his wine glass, still holding my head back. Of course, arching my back as he was forcing me to do was pulling my nipples against the chains attached to the ... collar he'd put around my neck, so they burned hotter as he examined me.

“Do you feel guilty, slave girl? Do you wonder why you've permitted a man to do such things to you despite the pleasure and arousal you feel?”

He released my hair, then undid the strap of the gag again, and worked it slowly out of my mouth.

“How do you feel, slave?”

“I'm not a slave,” I groaned.

Crack! He slapped my bottom sharply and I gasped.

“Don't argue with me.

I looked down at my body, at all the fine red lines criss-crossing each other up and down across my breasts and belly and abdomen, and felt a sense of wonder and denial. I could hardly believe I had let some guy whip me! I mean, well, it's not like I could have stopped him, or that I'd said okay, but he'd freaking well whipped me... and then I'd had a huge orgasm!

And with the vibrator purring away between my legs it was hard to keep my hips still, hard to keep from trembling, and showing the heat and rising pressure within me! He gripped my hair and jerked my head sharply to the right, towards him, and I cried out again even as he held the wine glass to my lips.

“Drink, slave girl.”

I moaned but drank, then he kissed me – hard, and wine trickled down my jaw as his tongue plunged into my mouth.

He released my hair and his hand slid down to the, well, I guess it was a dildo in my ass. He gripped it and started sliding it in and out, in and out, as I gasped and moaned helplessly.

“You have a terrific shape to you, slave girl,” he said. “Nice ass, too. I'm sure I'm going to thoroughly enjoy this ass.”

God, what arrogance!

The dildo continued to pump up and down in my ass, which was quite a new and unique sensation for me, never having had anything to do with anal play before.

“Do you know how to deep throat a man, slave? If not, it will be my task to show you,” he said.

“Y-You're too big!” I moaned.

“Nonsense. You simply have to get used to my size. The body of a slave girl was designed to accommodate any length or thickness in every orifice. They're walking sex machines.”

“I'm not a slave girl!” I groaned.

He snorted, and set down the wine glass, then seized the chains just below the front of the collar and tugged them sharply up and out.

“Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Please! Ow!”

“Sir,” he said.

“Please, sir!” I cried.

“Say I'm a slave girl.”

“I'm a slave girl!”

“Say I'm Evan Trask's sex slave.”

“Ow! Oh! I'm Evan Trask's sex slave!” I cried, my nipples burning.

“Say I'm Evan Trask's fuck toy.”

“I'm Evan Trask's fuck toy!” I cried, arching sharply, my nipples stretched out and burning.

“Say I'm Evan Trask's slut,” he growled.

“I'm Evan Trask's slut!” I exclaimed.

He released my nipples, seized my face in his big hands as he'd done before, and kissed me roughly, even violently, his body pressing against mine, his lips crushing mine, his tongue invading my mouth as his fingers held me in position.

When he eased back, it was no more than an inch. His face filled the world before me.

“Say it again. I'm Evan Trask's slut,” he growled.

“I-I'm Evan Trask's slut!” I gasped.

“I'm Evan Trask's bitch. Say it.”

“I'm Evan Trask's bitch,” I gulped, staring into his face.

“I'm Evan Trask's whore,” he said intently.

“I-I'm Evan Trask's whore!” I moaned.

“You don't think you're a whore, but all women are whores at heart. I'm going to release your inner whore, slave.”

He reached aside, and he did something, and the vibrator's buzz intensified. He squeezed my buttocks, then gripped the dildo again, pumping it in and out of my ass while he kissed me.

I moaned into his mouth, dazed, breathless, filled with a wild, raw sexual intensity which could not be denied or resisted, and the orgasm spilled over me

as I cried out again and again, while his mouth ate my cries.

*

I had not gone into his room during the time I had lived there, nor into his mother's. I had respected their privacy. But it seemed he had a limitless supply of sex toys, for he kept bringing these things out to the balcony and using them on me.

When he brought out the double headed dildo I stared at it in something like disbelief, as well as confusion. I had no idea what that thing was for. I mean, I kind of did, but I didn't.

“You ever see a sword swallower, slave girl?” he said.

He tilted his head back, and mimicked sliding the dildo down his throat. But of course, he didn't do it. Instead he gripped my hair, jerked my head back, and slid it down mine.

It was the suddenness of it which allowed him to do it, and which prevented me from gagging. It was a surprise, and then the sharp yank on my hair had my mind focused there for a critical second or so while he slid the long dildo right down my throat.

By the time I understood what he was going to do he'd already done it, and the dildo was deep in my throat. Of course, I gagged and choked and writhed with a sudden sense of panic, being unable to breath, feeling the fullness of the silicone tube in my throat.

But there really wasn't anything I could do about it.

“It's all mind over matter,” he said without sympathy. “Just get used to it. A slave girl has to be able to deep throat with ease. You know you can do it. You must have seen others doing it in videos.”

Like I'd watched lots of video porn!

The scariest thing was that oral sex was one area where I'd always had control. I mean, with my hands and lips, I could make a man's legs crumble. I enjoyed the power over them. But I had no power now, and no control. I couldn't decide how

deep the thing was going to go or when it was going to be pulled back. I was completely helpless.

I got control of my gag reflex, though barely, but I still couldn't breathe, and the dildo was deeper in my throat than any guy I'd ever taken. It was also thicker. My chest was soon burning and my head pounding. Black dots danced before my eyes as I trembled, straining and writhing in the restraints he'd put on me.

He watched me intently, then pulled the long – long – ridiculously long dildo up out of my throat and out of my mouth. I gagged again as it came free, then gulped in deep, shaky breaths of air.

“Don't worry, slave girl. You belong to me now, and I'd never allow any harm to come to one of my valued possessions.”

He might 'value' me, but he didn't seem to be terribly soft-hearted about how he treated me. He barely let me catch my breath before he shoved that dildo down my throat again, all the way, until there was barely any of it left beyond my teeth. And he did it again and again and again, despite how breathless and dazed and light-headed I became.

And when he was able to get it more or less in all the way each time without much gagging or choking, then he started pumping it up and down in my throat! He did it slowly, at first, but every time I got used to it he increased the pace, and it was a wonder I didn't throw up as he worked the thing in and out!

He was relentless. He wasn't like a lover, or ... or even a friend. He was more like a coach I'd once had at school; remorseless and without pity, insisting I keep practicing, keep trying, insisting I get better at something.

My head was pounding, I was dazed, swaying and light-headed by the time he finally relented.

And while he hadn't used his own cock, it seemed to have gotten aroused regardless, for he stepped behind me as I hung there, pulled the dildo out of my ass, and slid his own thick cock up inside me all the way to the balls in one smooth stroke.

I just groaned, and gulped in air, still focused more on my throat than my lower regions.

He fucked me in much the same manner as he had earlier, his hands pulling back on my hips, occasionally sliding around to cup and squeeze my breasts, his lips sliding in against the nape of my neck to chew and suck and lick.

I didn't care. I was able to breath freely now without interference! I was so delighted with that nothing else mattered.

Well, almost. As my mind began to sharpen and I got my breathing back under control all that was left was a bit of a headache. Along with the vibrator buzzing inside me, the tugging on my nipples, and his cock up inside my ass.

I began to marvel at the last. Knowing how big he was, it seemed amazing how smoothly and easily he was moving inside m. I thought he must have put something on himself, or maybe on the dildo he'd pushed into me, something slippery, like a lube.

He was moving so easily, so smoothly, that it actually felt – well, good. It was, as I said, a novel sensation for me, but now, knowing it was really him, not a tube of plastic, feeling his hips pressing in against my buttocks, his chest against my back and his arms around me, I began to feel a rising crackle of sexual tension and electricity once again.

God! God! God! He was fucking me in the ass! And I was still.. like... tied up like this! And though my throat ached and I was frazzled as hell, well, the vibrator was still at work, and I was still horribly wet, and my nipples were tugging continuously against the chain as my body moved.

“Whore,” he breathed next to my ear, his breath warm against the skin.

He kissed me, sucked and chewed on my earlobe, and then whispered again.

“Slave...”

His hips worked smoothly in and out, his thick cock driving up through my belly until the head was so deep I felt cramps.

“Sex toy,” he whispered, chewing again.

I moaned dazedly.

“Slut,” he said in a soft breath.

I groaned, then let out a helpless cry as he pushed his hips in hard, grinding them against me, his long, thick cock twisting around in my belly.

“Sex slave,” he breathed.

His strokes grew stronger, so that his hips slapped against my buttocks, causing my entire body to shudder. Every shudder seemed to make the heavy vibrator buried in my sex kind of... jiggle or shake inside me, and ground the clip against my clitoris.

“You're a sexual animal,” he growled into my ear, “A wild, feral thing who is going to crawl on all fours on a leash I hold!”

His hands roughly kneaded my breasts.

“I'm going to train you to obedience, slave girl,” he breathed.

He released my breasts, and jerked my hair up and back with both hands.

“Ow!”

“Push that ass back at me, slave!”

“Oh!”

“Do it, slut!”

I thrust my ass back at him frantically.

“Again, slave! Move those hips in and out. Ride my cock!” he ordered, his voice no longer soft, now harsh and demanding.

Gasping, moaning, I obeyed, my hips working in and out as I impaled myself on his thick cock again and again.

His right hand slid down my taut belly and found the vibrator, grinding the clip against my clitoris as he thrust into me.

“Keep riding that ass back, you slut!” he ordered.

His hips struck my buttocks with a heavy impact now, as I cried out again and again and again.

The jarring impact resonated through my abdomen, through my groin, and with a sudden gurgling cry of shocked pleasure I was swept up in yet another incredible orgasm! It seemed impossible. Wasn't there a limit on how many orgasms you could have in one day!

The climax rocked me. My insides were twisting and pulling as if my muscles were going crazy, spasming and contracting wildly! I cried out in breathless, almost rapturous pleasure, every hard, deep thrust of his cock tearing another cry from my open mouth!

God it was wild! It was incredible! It was stunning, literally stunning!

“Such a responsive little girl, Miss Blue,” he breathed. “You react so well. You're halfway there, halfway to being my slave girl,” he said, holding me tightly against him. “I'm going to drown your mind in pleasure and heat to the point you can no longer resist anything I want. You need to be taught discipline, of course, need to learn to obey me properly.

“But we're getting there. I will make you into a creature of raw sexuality who will turn weaker men to jelly, but you will belong to me.”

I moaned as he forced my head back more sharply, his lips tracing up along the nape of my neck.

“Your body and mind will both burn at the thought of me, and then, once I'm done, you become the wanton, sex hungry animal every man seeks but so few find.”

He drew back a little and moved around me smiling.

“But we're just getting started, little slave girl. We have so much more fun ahead of us.”

He leaned in closer.

“Are you looking forward to it, little girl?” he asked in a soft whisper.

I moaned helplessly.

“Me too,” he said.

End

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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